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In June, 1894, Miss Hampton resigned her position at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and on July 11 of the same year was married to Dr. Hunter Robb at Saint Margaret's Church, Westminster, London. Since her marriage Mrs. Robb has continued to take the same untiring interest in nursing affairs. The Society of Superintendents of Training-Schools, founded in 1893, owes its existence primarily to Mrs. Robb's enthusiasm and far-sightedness, and to her energy is due the course in hospital economics at Columbia University, where those of the profession aiming at becoming superintendents may equip themselves more thoroughly for responsible and arduous positions.

Neither has her pen been idle, and in "Nursing Ethics" we find that intense and earnest love of her profession which characterizes her whole life's work. No lukewarmness nor half-heartedness would suit her, but with heart and mind, soul and strength, she has devoted herself with singleness of purpose to the task which lay before her.

Since its organization (in which Mrs. Robb took a prominent part) the Associated Alumnae of Trained Nurses has known no other president, and Mrs. Robb's recent resignation of that post is a matter of great regret.

No scheme for the benefit of the nursing profession has been set on foot without Mrs. Robb's hearty coöperation, and although now withdrawing from so much active work in the association, I will venture to state that Mrs. Robb's interest will not wane. "Once a nurse, always a nurse," is most happily exemplified in her career.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By MINNIE D. WILBUR

Chicago

It was just past midnight, and church-bells here and there were sounding out over the sleeping city the birth of another Christmas Day, when a tired and sleepy visiting nurse was roused by a knock on the door.

Throwing on a cloak, she asked, "What is wanted?"

A man's voice answered, "My wife, she needs somebody."

"Have you called the doctor?"

"No."

"Go to the next corner, over the drug-store, the one with the three red lights, ask Dr. Goodspeed to go to your house as soon as he can, then come back here and I will go with you."

Soon the man returned, and they went together down the street. She asked him a few questions, and then they walked on silently.

The visiting nurse had gone to bed feeling sad and lonely and without much hope of gladness for the Christmastide.

She thought as she walked along how much care and trouble and sorrow there is in the world, for half of humanity at least, and a feeling almost of rebellion took possession of her. She noticed a few feathery flakes of snow coming down, and that the stars looked misty and the moon had a ring around it. A few faint peals still rang out in the distance.

Presently they reached the house and went in. The room into which the man led the visiting nurse was bare and cheerless, even destitute, little more than a manger. On a poor bed lay a woman with pale face and pleading eyes, and by her side was a new-born babe. Soon the doctor came, performed his offices, left his directions, and went away.

The visiting nurse found plenty of work for hands, head, and heart. As she worked her interest increased, and a new power seemed to come to her. She realized more than ever what a labor of love and mercy she was doing. Her heart went out to these two humble creatures so dependent upon her.

The babe, so small, so helpless, appealed to all the mother in her, and she longed to call him her own. She resolved that this hovel should be the shrine of her devotions for the day.

The woman could speak very little English, so the visiting nurse worked silently, excepting when she asked the man to do or bring something. Once during her work she paused to look out of the window, and saw that a light fall of snow had laid a covering of white over everything and the morning star was shining brightly in the east.

By the time her labor was finished, her efforts, with the help of the man, had brought about an aspect of something like comfort, but even then the bareness of the place smote upon her. She found that the man had a little money. She prepared food for the mother. Then, taking her book and pencil, she asked the woman her name.

"Mary Murillo."

"And yours?"

"Joseph Murillo."

She stepped to the window, that the two might not see the tears which gathered in her eyes.

She gave some directions to the man, promised to come again in the afternoon, took up her bag, and went out.

Daylight had come and the sun was so dazzlingly bright that the snow glittered here and there like diamonds.

A strange, sweet feeling of peace and wonder and good-will towards all mankind stole over the visiting nurse as she walked along, making

her heart and feet so light that she seemed scarcely to be walking on the snow, but rather gliding over the earth.

She had not gone far when she heard voices singing. Coming nearer, she found it was a band of evangelists singing Christmas carols. She stopped and listened, and this was what they sang:

“ O sad hearts, mourn no more forlorn,
For unto you each year is born
The Saviour of all men.
A King, despite His humble birth,
He rules with love o'er all the earth,
Then welcome Him again.

“ His power, though sure, is sweet and mild,
He is as gentle as a child,
And yet a mighty King.
He shows a right for every wrong,
He gives a life of light and song
To every living thing.

“ His crown of thorns to olive turns,
And in His kindly eyes there burns
The joy that comes through pain.
Though centuries have rolled away,
He lives and gives to us to-day
A love that cannot wane.

“ Oh, hark! oh, list! when steeple bells
Ring out the message sweet, which tells
All hearts to beat akin.
Throw wide your doors in hearts and homes,
Light every wanderer that roams,
And let the King come in.”

When they had finished the visiting nurse went up to them, gave a coin to each, and, showing them the place she had come from, asked them to go and sing before the house.

Then she walked on towards the place where she lived. She no longer felt tired or sleepy or sad or lonely. The world seemed transformed, she herself transfigured, beatified.

Reaching her own room, she dropped on her knees and thanked God in humility and gratitude for the joy of His presence.

Later in the day she returned to the spot which occupied all her thoughts, and found there the things she had sent to add comfort and cheerfulness to the dull room. There was a rug and a rocking-chair which someone had given her to dispose of; there were cheap white curtains and a bright, blossoming plant for the window; there were

some old papers with attractive pictures. Two of these pictures she cut apart and pinned upon the wall. One was a Madonna and Child, and the other a group of reapers mowing and singing. She had bought a clothes-basket, and with cotton and cheesecloth and the simplest of furnishings made a warm bed for the baby.

At last the visiting nurse looked about and surveyed her work. The room was neat; the fire burned brightly; the bed was clean; the mother looked contented; the father looked the satisfaction he could not express. The baby was sleeping. Once more the visiting nurse took up her bag and with a smile said, "I will come again to-morrow. Good-by."

The peace which passeth understanding had entered her soul to abide there forever. They named the child Immanuel.

AN INCIDENT

By M. E. H.

(PLACE, Cuba; *date*, November, 1901; *time*, eleven-thirty P.M.)

A large building, sombre-looking in the darkness of night, stands between "La Cumbra" and the sea. Faint lights flitting here and there, subdued voices, with occasionally a forceful moan breaking the stillness pervading, betray the location of the hospital.

Outside the grounds all *seems* quiet, as if Nature in putting on her nightcap had induced the people in the vicinity to follow her example. The air is cool and clear, the stars in myriad numbers shine with a brilliancy peculiar to southern skies, silently telling their message.

A nurse, or, as she is called in Cuba, "the guardian of the night," filling the position of night supervisor, comes out of the hospital wards on to the balcony, which runs on the three sides of the inner court of the patio, and pauses a moment at one of the large openings in the wall, outlined by an arch, and looks down the road towards the sea. She hears English-speaking voices and listens. The silence that preceded her coming has passed, and voices, loud, angry, and confused, ring out snatches of popular songs and smothered oaths, which tell the tale of the location of one of the snares and pitfalls of the American soldier, planted, since the abolition of the army canteen, just on the border of the military post.

The place is frequented by those whose tastes are convivial, who strum on the piano placed there as an attraction and try to forget their woes in discordant sounds or forced mirth.

"The pity of it" appeals to the nurse's serious mind, and she thinks of the mothers whose sons these are, of sisters whose brothers have so